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The

DIAMOND

no. 2 (1961)



The Un - Sociables

The

DIAMOND

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ABOUT OUR COVER:

We originally titled this one "Togetherness", but we lost our nerve. Then Elliot Ness became the local "hero" and we thought "Untouchables" might be appropriate. We decided that might be too close to the truth. Our artist has left the prison so we couldn't ask him for a title. We asked the five models what they were in for and why. All five swore they never touched a certain soft drink before they came here and, as a result, were anti-social types.

TO OUR READERS:

We can't do it. It's impossible. We asked our printer if we could have a set printing schedule by changing to a bi-monthly publication. The answer: *no guarantee can or will be given for any set date or dates* for the printing of The DIAMOND. So we cannot depend upon having your magazine in the mails on any particular day — or even any particular month.

Trying to solve the problem in another way, we stopped dating the magazine and used numbers to indicate the issue. We are changing the subscription rate too. Effective with this issue, one dollar will deliver ten consecutive issues rather than twelve.

We had to make this change. We've missed so many issues in the past three years that it takes two UNIVAC machines to keep track of when subscriptions *legally* expire. (There was a time when we weren't too concerned with the legality of things.) As an example of what was happening, each time we missed an issue we would have to update every subscription another month. One subscriber is signed up for a ten year sentence with The DIAMOND. Can you imagine how many years she'll really have to serve if we miss one or two issues each year?

We've mentioned in this little journal that the Department of Justice is planning some changes in Canada's prison system and that the officials are thinking along more experimental lines. The latest change has the Department taking a soft-drink firm's advertisements seriously. Pepsi-Cola was added to our canteen list and "Be Sociable" stickers have been added to our scenery. (Cover story?)

It may not work, of course, but if it does Pepsi will have something to talk about in their commercials!

Oh! Almost forgot. We sell this magazine and we'd certainly appreciate someone's buying it.

THE DIAMOND

Box 190,

Kingston, Ontario

RELATED TRAINING

DRAFTING
BLUE PRINT READING
MATHEMATICS
VOCABULARY

The Vocational Training section of this institution is usually considered the *raison d'être* for the whole staff. It is around this trades training programme that the whole institution revolves. Nine trades are currently being taught and eight of these trades require a great deal of "book work" by the students. In order to help the student grasp the subject and to speed up the training process, a small two-classroom school was built to teach the men subjects related to the trade they have chosen.

The instructors for this Related Training School are Mr. M. O. Smith



and Mr. C. A. Anderson. Mr. Smith teaches mathematics and the basic vocabulary of each trade, and Mr. Anderson instructs the students in draughting and blueprint reading as well as the other subjects. Each trade group works on different problems and from different texts, requiring the two men to work on eight different courses. Mr. Smith is the old hand, having worked at the institution for 11½ years—the last six as an instructor in this department. Mr. Anderson is the fish—serving his first term. Talking to them, I was able to get two points of view in regard to both the school itself and the students. But one thing was common to both instructors: they enjoyed teaching and hoped they were being of some help to their students.

Both teachers stressed that they were interested not only in getting the basics of the three R's across to their charges, but that they felt the learning process had a therapeutic value to the men as well.

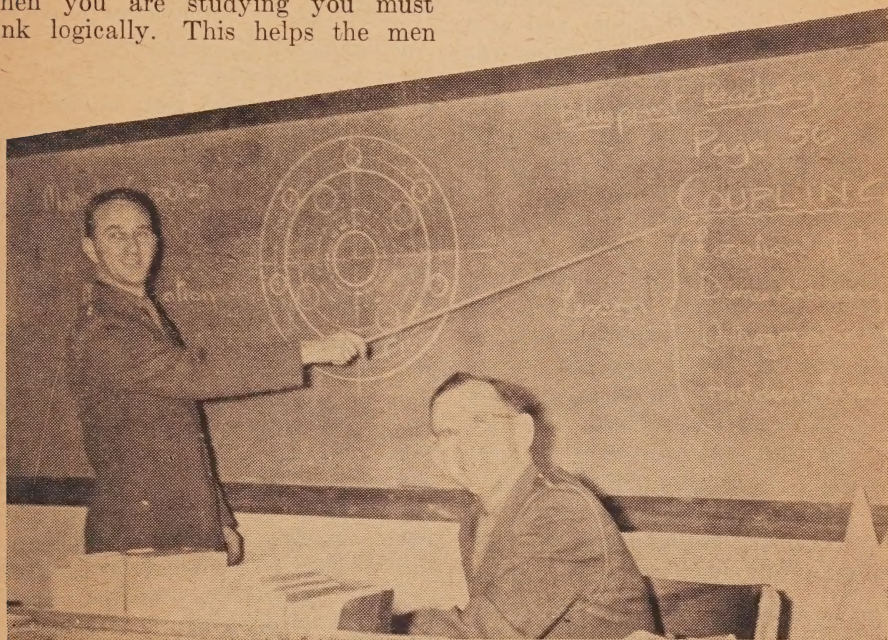
"You can't force education on anyone," Mr. Smith said at one point,

"they have to see the value of it for themselves. And once they begin to understand that they are benefitting, they understand that we aren't there to hammer anything into their heads, but only to help them learn. Then they carry this line of thought a bit further and can see different futures for themselves."

"And", chimed in Mr. Anderson, "when you are studying you must think logically. This helps the men

and shortly before coming to Collin's Bay, he had been engaged as a personnel man in a large plant. This latter position has enabled him to pass on many hints to students about applying for jobs after their release, and these hints are much needed and appreciated.

I asked Mr. Anderson to comment on any differences between teaching here and outside.



Mr. M. O. Smith seated at desk and Mr. C. A. Anderson instructing

with their personal problems as well."

As this is Mr Anderson's first year at the institution, I enquired about his background and found that he had taught draughting and other related training subjects at an army rehabilitation school in England after the war. He had also taught at night school

"Very little," was the reply, "except that here we have men in our classes with vastly different educational levels. For instance, in one of my classes I have a man with Grade 11 education and another with Grade 7. As if that gap weren't wide enough, the fellow with Grade 7 has been out of school

for about 18 years and the other chap has only been out of school two years! As you know, each year a man is out of school he loses a little of what he has learned. However, we have small classes here—only a dozen men at most—so we are able to give them a lot of individual attention.”

Mr. Anderson stated that a great many men here had an interest in building or remodeling homes (indicative of their line of thought) and as a consequence sketching and drawing was the subject he had found the most interest in. The students attend the Related Training School only two half-days per week, the rest being spent studying a trade (Bricklaying, Motor Mech, Machinists, Electricians, etc.) but there seems to be enough interest in draughting to warrant a full time course on the subject. As a matter of fact, so great is the students' interest in this subject that draughting equipment in the school has been in short supply. It seems the students “borrow” this equipment, (compasses, T-squares and so on) for working in their spare time. Mr. Anderson is flattered by their enthusiasm, but would prefer they leave some equipment for his next class.

Getting back to Mr. M. O. Smith, I asked him if there had been many changes made in the school over the years.

“Not a great deal,” he replied. “We had the place changed last year so the traffic problem was settled, but it's pretty much as it was when I came here. One thing, though: we have been getting some new texts in and they are much more up-to-date.” Here he handed me a new mathematics book de-

signed for use by machine shop students. All problems were expressed in terms common to this trade and most dealt with calculations that a machinist would be required to make when working. Illustrations in the book were also pertinent to the trade. One of the greatest advantages in using texts of this nature is that the student can readily see the application of what he is learning to his particular job.

I commented on the fact that the floor of the school was still plain cement and, from my own experience as a student two years ago, mentioned that this made it almost impossible to keep the dust down and the drawings clean. Mr. Smith and Mr. Anderson both agreed that this was a problem and they hoped it would be corrected this summer, when the school is closed.

Another improvement mentioned by Mr. Smith was the change in the selection system for men who go on trade training courses at this institution. His first year, he said, produced a great many men who failed the related training parts of the course. Being a conscientious type, Mr. Smith began to wonder if he was cut-out for the teaching bit. He had the students tested by the psychologists from nearby K.P. They showed it was the students' fault, not Mr. Smith's. The students weren't particularly stupid; they just weren't interested in learning a trade. Selection methods were studied and now about 80% of the men chosen for a trade course complete it successfully. Standards for passing were not lowered. But standards for the applicant were raised.

Continued on page 23

from MORTGAGE MANOR comes

Lex Schrag's

Arthur Fuster has given up. He told me so, the other day.

"Given up what?" I asked him.

"Hope," he said.

Surely you know Arthur. That chap behind the marble counter at the Iron Hand Mortgage Corp. In his late forties. Pear-shaped, small-end up.

You know — the classical music addict. Lives up north on Chippenwhite Blvd. He has a lubberly, blubbery boy about sixteen.

His is the third signature on second mortgages. Yeah, I though you'd know him.

Well, when Arthur was a boy, his mother had ambitions for him. Arthur's only ambitions were for food and a quiet life.

He was too fat to fight or run, so his only boyhood sport was serving as a punching bag for his little chums.

Consequently, he had to go along with his mother's ambitions. She was going to make him into a musician.

Started Arthur on the piano. He sweated away for a couple of years at scales and five-finger exercises. But he was too slow in the skull to read five or six notes, or two staves, at a time.

His mother kept pushing him, though it wasn't any use. Arthur would never make a pianist.

Then she hit on the bright idea of killing two birds with one stone.

Arthur was a wheezy brat from the time he was born. Some doctor told his mother to make him play the flute.

DIMUENDO and DEFEAT

Get more air into the kid's lungs, the doctor said.

And Mrs. Fuster figured he might have brains enough to read one line of music at a time, if he couldn't handle two. So she bought Arthur a flute. One of those old, wooden ones.

He did fairly well with it, too. Began playing in the Sunday School orchestra after he'd been puffing away for a year.

His mother kept bugging him, of course. She played pretty fair piano herself, and she was all wrapped up in church work. Used to make Arthur play at church concerts, while she banged out the accompaniment.

Arthur told me the darkest moment of his life was the time his flute came unstuck when he was in the middle of the Sextette from Lucia. The joints were too greasy, and the sections got twisted. Nearly dislocated his right elbow, trying to reach the keys.

He finally got into the town band and paraded around in a red monkey-jacket, and pants that fitted him under the armpits. He was just tackling the flute solo in William Tell when his musical career was blasted.

Started shining up to the girls. One of the girls had been going with a hockey player. When the hockey player found out, he punched poor Arthur right in the mouth. Knocked out Arthur's two front teeth.

After that, there wasn't much for Arthur to do but settle down to business. Came to the city and got a job with the Iron Hand. Been there ever since. Does all right, too.

Married a girl from up in the Ottawa Valley. When their boy, Jimmy, came along, Arthur had big ambitions for the youngster.

Jimmy turned out to be just like his dad, though. Fat and wheezy. Not too quick in the head. Cost an awful lot in doctor's bills.

The kid was slow at school because he was away sick so much. Arthur paid the bills like a good little man, and kept hoping he'd make a musician out of his offspring.

His wife, Allie, wouldn't let him shove music down the boy's gullet, though. She laid down the law that if Jimmy wanted to learn how to play something, all right. Otherwise, hands off.

From the time Jimmy was big enough to lug around, Arthur took him to symphonies and band concerts and recitals. Jimmy didn't show the least interest. Arthur offered to buy him a piano.

Jimmy said okay, rather listlessly, and Arthur put a wad into a baby grand. Jimmy practiced for six weeks. Then he thought he might like a cor-

net. Arthur took a beating on the baby grand and bought a cornet.

Jimmy blatted away for a month and quit.

Even then, Arthur wouldn't give in. He bought a hi-fi outfit and \$200 worth of records. He kept right on trying to rouse the boy's interest in music. No sale.

Well, Jimmy struggled into High School. He's in Second Form, or Grade 10, or whatever it is. This year, his school is trying to round up a band to play at football games.

Aren't many kids playing wind instruments, these days, so a brass band is out. They settled for a trumpet band. And that's when Jimmy decided to be musical.

Arthur told me all this. His voice breaks when he gets near the end of the story.

Jimmy came tearing into the house the other night, and yelled, "Pop, I wanna take up music!"

"They're gonna let me play in the school band if I can take lessons," he told Arthur.

You know the silly grin Arthur gets on that moon face of his. He must have smiled all the way around to the back of his neck.

"Gosh, son," he said, "that'll be just fine."

"There's just one big thing, though," said Jimmy. "On account of I'm bigger than the other fellas, I hafta buy my own uniform. They cost about \$60."

"Son," said Arthur, trying to take the news bravely, "what instrument are you going to play?"

"The triangle," said Jimmy.

Sav, we'd better get back to the office. It's after two. Oh, all right! Make this the last one. To Arthur.

CHORAL GROUP

at Collins Bay Pen

The Collin's Bay Choristers have been re-organized under a new leader. Roger Paquin, due for release before this is printed, handed the reins over to Allen Thompson.

Thompson started by adding ten men to the choir and, coincidentally, received a gift of several hundred dollars worth of music for male voices, from Mr. David Ouchterloney of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church in Toronto. This gift, which provides the group with its first real music library, came about through the efforts of Mr. A.M. Kirkpatrick, Executive Director of the John Howard Society of Ontario.

Mr. Kirkpatrick heard the Choristers sing last October 11th when he attended the Vocational Graduation Ceremonies at this prison. Mr. Kirkpatrick was impressed by the group's quality and after talking to Paquin, he promised to see if he could arrange to have some music donated to the Choristers. On his return to Toronto, Mr. Kirkpatrick spoke to Mr. Ouchterloney and several members of the Timothy Eaton Memorial Choir and they generously donated several very welcome boxes of music, covering the field from pop to classics.

Inspired by the gift, the Choristers have taken on new life and are working up a substantial repertoire from this music. Plans at present call for the group to put on a show some time in the late spring and Director Thompson assures us that the Choir is improving with every practice. All the men here at the Bay are looking forward to hearing from them again.

**. . . given
music by
TIMOTHY
EATON
MEMORIAL
CHURCH**

**AL THOMPSON
appointed . . .
new
leader**

The author of this little tale is a former R.A.F. pilot and is now employed as a Penitentiary Officer in the Classification Department. Mr. Appleby flew Typhoons, a low altitude tactical aircraft, as ground support for the Canadian Army in France during the Second World War. He emigrated to Canada in 1957 and has worked at Collin's Bay for the past three years.

John was a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force during the slight upheaval from 1939 to 1945. In fact, he was a Flight Sergeant Pilot, and in consequence, was posted to serve a tour of operations with a Canadian Wing in Britain.

Now John's wing, being a Canadian Wing, consisted wholly of Canadians. The Royal Air Force Wing which shared the same aerodrome was like Joseph's coat of many colours. The nucleus, I think, was British, but at times one could travel from Australia to New Zealand and back to Britain again, via Holland and Norway, merely by taking a few paces from tent to tent.

From the outset a great rivalry sprang up between the two wings. It was obvious to the Canadians that the British didn't know how to keep their kites in operation, and it was just as obvious to the British Wing that the Canadians were just barely able to master the rudiments of flying.

It must be reported, however, that though a rivalry existed, there was also great friendship. Who, for example, loaned a plane to Gil, the Australian attached to the British Wing, when Gil had just returned from disciplinary school at Sheffield, where he had been sent for landing in some farmer's corn

NO AXE TO GRIND

By R. K. Appleby

field? The Canadians, of course. And who beat up the drome and almost got both himself and the Canadian C.O. sent back to Sheffield? Why, Gil, of the British Wing. Again, who organized the racket to run booze from Brussels to Holland — Al, a Canadian attached to the British Wing. Who did all his dirty work and transported the booze? Why, the members of the Canadian Wing.

In due course, when the fracas on the continent began in earnest, the two wings moved en bloc to France. John, by this time, had settled into his niche and was as much a part of the friendship and rivalry as anyone else. John loved to dive down on the drome from some three thousand feet, level out about thirty feet from the deck, zoom along the runway and do a couple of upward rolls as he pulled out of the dive. There was nothing wrong with this. All the pilots did it and the ground crews would stand around critically discussing the pros and cons of each display. "This guy barrels his rolls. . . that guy doesn't hold it down low enough—probably loses his nerve at the last minute," and so on. The spectators were the connoisseurs of the art of flying.

There came a day when, much to the chagrin and dismay of both wings, the drome at Eindhoven (where they were both based) became too crowded. What with Transport Command, bombers and other "air taxis", it had become almost impossible for a fellow to put on a display for his ground crew without putting his life in jeopardy. The inevitable happened and the British Wing was moved to another field some thirty miles away.

What of the rivalry now? How could either wing see any good flying when

they were so far apart?

John, for his part, resolved to remedy this misfortune and on one bright afternoon, when testing an aircraft, he decided to fly over to the British drome and put on a display, the like of which had never been seen before. Let the Limey ground staff try and find fault with this flying. Let them dare say he'd lost his nerve and wouldn't hold his plane down as low as possible!

John approached the drome at four thousand feet, took a quick look around to make certain no one was landing or taking off, and immediately went into a steep dive. He leveled out about 30 feet off the deck and roared down the runway at a speed close to four hundred miles an hour. A slight backward and sideways tug on the stick and he was into an upward roll. Leveling out around three thousand, he turned his plane to port and chuckled to himself as he noticed the ground crews beginning to gather around the edge of the field to watch his performance.

What John had not noticed, however, was the ominous sign of the fire tender and "*blood wagon*" standing inconspicuously in one of the aircraft bays. "This guy'll kill himself," remarked Bill, the fire-truck driver, to his mate. "I suppose we'd better be ready, just in case he does pile it up," and with that he switched on and started the engine.

John, in the meantime, had circled the drome and was preparing to come in again. "This time," he thought to himself, "I'll really show these Limeys something!" With a quick flick of the stick he rolled his aircraft onto its back and went into a dive — down, down, down. His intention, of course, was to level out as low as possible and

really give them something to stare at.

Unfortunately for John, his judgment went all awry at the wrong moment and, though levelled out, his craft hit the ground with a wing and went careening in big cart-wheels down the runway, leaving his engine a flaming wreck some two hundred yards behind.

John was trapped. His plane had come to rest upside down and the canopy was jammed solid. Outside two sirens were wailing, and in ten seconds flat, the fire-truck and ambulance were beside the wreckage of John's aircraft.

Bill jumped off his fire-truck without even bothering to shut off the engine and, axe in hand, raced for the wrecked plane. Inside he could see the unfortunate John struggling to free himself from what could now very well turn out to be his funeral pyre.

With some very deft swings Bill began to cut through the side of the canopy. The corporal i/c the fire tender shouted a warning to "turn that bloody axe over and use the hammer end! If you cut through with the blade you'll decapitate him."

Bill, in his usual intelligent manner, obeyed instructions and with a few more hefty swings had the satisfaction of seeing his axe head disappear through the canopy and form a hole big enough to remove the now unconscious John, who was duly deposited in the ambulance and transported to hospital.

A few months later there appeared in orders a bulletin stating that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to award the British Empire Medal to 6294573 Leading Aircraftsman William S., for his devotion to duty and his courage in rescuing a trapped pilot from a burning plane.

This little story was written to illustrate to you how, when two groups of people get together, a rivalry can spring up and yet in times of danger the bond of comradeship is so close that each would risk his life for the other.

And what of John, you ask? Well, it was diagnosed at hospital, although this diagnosis was unnecessary for Bill, that John was suffering from concussion due to a blow on the back of the head from a blunt instrument.

NEW COMMITTEE ELECTED

February 16th was election day at CBP and over 96% of the inmate population turned out to elect Harvey Simon, Les Chew and Gord Tait. This was the highest turnout at the polls in recent years and, as another comparison to the outside world, religion was not an issue in our election. The top three candidates in a field of twelve, Simon, Chew and Tait were far ahead of the rest of the field and were certainly the choice of the population. And we feel it was a very good choice.

We'll be looking for big things from these fellows, and from Les we'll expect to see no Lake Ontario!

The California Department of Corrections is starting to process its prospective parolees by an electronic brain. The Department has developed a base expectancy test which rates a man on 12 different factors.

The highest possible score is 76 points. A man can get up to 12 points if he has had no prior arrests or at least five years between arrests; up to 9 points if he hasn't used narcotics; 6 if he doesn't drink; 6 if he's ever held a job for more than six months; 5 points if he's never used an alias and so on.

Experimental cases have shown that men who score 41 points or more usually succeed. Men scoring less usually fail. Each man is graded and his point card run through an electronic brain. The machine compares ratings, matches them to a formula, and produces the man's base expectancy score.

1984 is apparently getting closer. IBM seems slated for the BIG BROTHER role of California prison inmates. It might work. It could remove the element of human error. But the inmates will most certainly learn how the machine scores them — and that will remove the incentive to reform for men who know that their past histories will not produce the required number of points. The whole value of parole, we think, is that it provides an opportunity to release men when it will aid in their rehabilitation. Parole Boards should not be looking for sure-things.

Which brings us around to Canada's National Parole Board. Statistics released by Board Chairman George Street, show that last year 2458 men and women were released on parole by the Board. Only 191 violated their parole and of these, only 94 committed new crimes. The other 97 were returned simply because they were not living

the NUMBERS GAME

up to the conditions of their Parole Agreement.

"The failure rate is 7.7%, . . . possibly the lowest in the world," according to Mr. Street. Answering a question as to who was paroled (i.e. — what type of criminal), the Board supplied the following statistics: Out of every one hundred paroles, 47 were serving time for theft, 15 for robbery, 14 for a sex offense, 10 for forgery or fraud, 2 for narcotics, and 12 for various other crimes.

Members of the Board have been quoted recently as saying that 1st time sex offenders are best parole risks. There is nothing surprising in this—to prison inmates. Persons convicted of this type of crime were usually leading honest, work-a-day lives right up until the time of their arrest. Very few sex crimes are of the coldly calculated variety. They are spur of the moment things and — unless the offender is mentally disturbed — may never happen again. The man or woman convicted of a sex crime feels more shame than a robber and possibly this works toward their rehabilitation. But the main factor in their successful transition from prison to the street is that they are not in need of rehabilitation when they enter the prison (Remember, we've excluded

the mental cases.) The object of imprisonment for these people is punishment, pure and simple. So after they've been punished enough, they are usually paroled.

We've got no quarrel with this. Our quarrel with the Board is that we feel they are being too cautious. Collin's Bay has done very well parole-wise. There can be no doubt that the Board is doing a good job as far as choosing parole prospects. The low violation rate proves that. But scanning the other penal publications from Canada's federal prisons, we become aware that other prisons are not faring as well as the Bay. Why?

Maybe the inmates aren't deserving of parole. And maybe the Board's standards are too high. It was understandable that the Board should be cautious at the beginning of their work. The public had to be won over; they had to be shown that a good parole operation would save thousands of tax dollars and hundreds of wasted lives. This is being done by the releasing of statistics that back the Board's decisions. But government agencies come to love their pretty statistical charts and tend to overlook the human element involved.

In this case, if the Board starts to lean on its figures when deciding a man's parole chances, they are going to be leaning on his past history and that will eliminate a lot of men. And the men are beginning to feel that their past eliminates them from a chance for parole. Parole is not just an early release. It is a discharge from the prison under supervision. The benefit of parole for an inmate is not just his partial freedom, but the actual supervision and help that is given him in readjusting to society. For this reason, the Parole Board should be less cautious.

They should take a chance, because they might help straighten a man out. There's more glory in looking for men who are sure-pops to succeed, but it's worthwhile to look for men who *might* turn out all right if given the opportunity at the right time.

We feel that most men in prison should be released on parole. Not because parole is leniency, but because a man on parole is still under supervision and if he doesn't live up to the conditions of that parole, he is going to be returned to prison. This is the sure deterrent that will make a parolee go to work and live an honest life — at least for the duration of the parole. The Board feels that's not long enough, and rightly. An inmate should not be considered a successful case unless he stays out of trouble — barring an accident or something beyond his control — for the rest of his days. This is the ideal, but we don't expect everyone to live up to it. Especially persons who have obviously failed before.

We would like to see our National Parole Board start placing less emphasis on the statistics and more on the merits and chances of the individual. This is the only way to make the incentive of parole work. If the men get to feel that they are automatically excluded from parole because of their past, they will be given just one more way to rationalize their bitterness.

Certainly the violation rate for parolees will go up if the Board is less discriminatory. But so will the number of men who have succeeded. As long as there is hope for a man — i.e., his personal hopes for an honest future — he can be reached and reformed. And that is the Board's objective: reforming men, not the lowest violation rate in the world.

We usually pass up subjects of this nature, because it's not really our bone to chew. But we're human, too, and we have tempers. We see things happening—or rather we read about them—and we think some of them are wrong. Being possessed of a typewriter and the facilities to publish our views, we like to indulge in the luxury of criticism now and again.

WHAT WOULD YOU THINK if it happened to you

In the Toronto daily that we subscribe to, two stories about men convicted of criminal negligence were carried in juxtaposition. In one case the "criminal" had caused a death through negligent operation of a powerboat. In the other, a death had been caused by negligence on the part of a 19 year old behind the wheel of a truck.

The first man was sentenced to 60 days, the youth got a year.

The details of the cases were not given in full. The disparity of the sentences was what made the news. A campaign by this same newspaper helped to cause the long sentence for the youth. For months previously, editorials in this daily had called for stiffer sentences for drinking drivers, impaired drivers, hit-and-run drivers and drivers convicted of criminal negligence.

In the opinion of this newspaper, jail was the only way to correct what is essentially a moral problem. In our opinion, it is the last resort. In this case we feel our opinion should count for more than the newspaper's; we've been in prison, they haven't.

The 60-day sentence was a punishment for the offender. It will seem a long sixty days to him, but both he and his family will survive it. If fear of punishment is what is needed to make this man operate his boat more carefully, the 60-day lock-up will probably be sufficient. Somehow, though, we feel that the knowledge of what he has done is what will give him a more mature attitude toward the handling of powerful machines.

Now let's take a look at the case of the kid who got the year. The judge who sentenced him had considered a penitentiary sentence and thought he was being lenient by only sentencing the "criminal" to a year. Testimony at the trial showed he had quit school two years previously to work as a truck driver and help support a family of fourteen. He'd worked steadily and had no other trouble, his mother told the court. He had given her all his pay each week.

Sending him to jail for a year is certainly punishment. For both him and his family. The judge sent him to a REFORMatory. To be reformed, we presume. Better he should come out unchanged. But it is more likely he will be changed — and not for the better.

This all boils down to the old story of punishing the offender. Neither the youth nor the first man were criminals. Neither needed reform. They had been negligent and their carelessness had caused a death. That's serious and unfortunate. But putting them in prison didn't change that. The sixty-day "bit" was enough punishment: the year too long. We sincerely hope that the reformatory term does not change the youth. The emotional impact of knowing he has caused a death will surely make him a better driver; the reformatory — where he will be in constant contact with all types of offenders — can scarcely make him a better person. Our society jails offenders of this type because we have no other way of punishing them or correcting their char-

acter defects. Well, prison won't do it either. We don't know how to correct their faults — maybe it's just a matter of maturing — but isn't it wrong to continue screaming for longer jail terms when they won't correct anything either?

We are not speaking of the criminal here. The man or woman who coldly calculates a crime, figures the odds and then takes a chance, deserves prison if they're caught. But let's not jail people for being careless and having an accident — even if they've been drinking.

Instead, let's look to correct the defect in these persons that caused the offence. Psychiatrists? Maybe. Special schools? Possibly. We admit that we don't know the answer, but neither do you.

We're not speaking for leniency for ourselves in this case. After all, we're already in jail and are hardly likely to have an accident. But you — if you drive — are liable to. So the solution to this problem should interest you.

Toronto Globe & Mail:

"If I had my way," thunders Ed Sullivan, host of the popular CBS Sunday night Variety show, "I wouldn't let any youngster under 14 watch any T.V. western at any time."

"With children it's a case of monkey-see, monkey-do."

American Journal of Psychology:

"The average mental age of all North Americans is placed between 11 and 15 according to various tests conducted by researchers. Certain areas — particularly the south — have scored very low. . . ."

The DIAMOND:

"Which age, Ed? Physical or mental?"

**MY GET - UP - AND - GO
HAS
GOT - UP - AND - WENT**

How do I know that my youth is all spent?
Well, my get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went.
But in spite of it all, I'm able to grin
When I think of where my get-up has been.

“Old age is golden”, so I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder on going to bed
With my ears in a drawer and my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,
“Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?”
I'm happy to say, as I close the door,
My friends are the same—perhaps even more.

When I was young, my slippers were red,
I could kick up my heels — nearly over my head.
When I became older, my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.

Now I am old; my slippers are black.
I walk to the store—and puff my way back.
The reason, I know, that my youth is all spent
Is my get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went.

I really don't mind when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my get-up has been.
Since being retired from life's competition,
I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the “obits”.
If my name is not there—I know I'm not dead,
So I get a good breakfast—and go back to bed.

Anonymous



Two beatniks were driving down the street in somebody else's car, going like to Nowheresville.

Driver: "I'm gonna make like a right. How's it on the other side, man?"

Passenger: "Like man, it's clear except for a dog."

The driver whacks the turn. Big accident, many ambulances and later in the hospital: "Like, I asked if it was clear! What's with the dog bit?"

Passenger: "Like a Greyhound, man."

HO



HO

Cop to lush walking with one foot in the gutter and the other on the sidewalk: "You're drunk!"

HC

Replied the offender: "Man, thanks! I thought I was crippled."



JOKES

WORDS THAT WOMEN LIVE BY:

"If at first he won't accede, cry, cry again."



Sam: "Say, Ivan, I heard you had a beef with your buddy last night."

Ivan: "Yeah, but when it was over he came crawling to me on his hands and knees."

Sam: "Oh? What did he say?"

Ivan: "Come out from under that bunk, you coward."

"Where did you get the cigar, Leo?"

"George gave it to me for doing him a favour."

"What sort of favour?"

"I was hitting him on the head with a piece of wood, and he asked me to stop."



Some minds are like concrete: All mixed up and permanently set.



Two lions escaped from the Washington D.C., zoo. They went separate ways and didn't meet again for three months. By this time one was fat and the other just skin and bones. The skinny one asked, "I've never seen you looking better. How'd you manage to eat so well?"

The fat lion replied, "I've been hiding in the Pentagon and eating Colonels every day. So far, nobody's noticed it."



"Just look at me!" she nagged. "My clothing is so shabby that anyone coming to the door would think I was the cook."

"Not," replied the husband, "if they stayed for dinner."



Overheard on the work board:
Officer: "So you want a change to the kitchen, eh? Well, you'll have to be awfully careful working there. A large percentage of our accidents happen in the kitchen."

Inmate: "I know, sir. I've been eating them for several years now."



The small, foreign cars are a threat to Canadian romance — it takes so long to run out of gas. #5459

A motorist and his wife hadn't spoken for miles. They'd got into a quarrel and neither would budge. Suddenly, the husband pointed at a mule in a pasture they were passing: "Relative of yours?" he diplomatically asked.

"Yes," was the wife's quick reply, — "by marriage!"

Submitted by Harold Helfer



Angry passenger: "The fog's not thick enough to stop this ship. Why, I can see the stars."

Captain: "Yes, but that's not the way we're going unless the boilers blow up."



Two fishermen sitting on a bridge made a bet as to which would catch the first fish. One drunk got a bite, became excited and fell off the bridge.

The other snorted, "Hell, if you're going to dive for them, the bet's off!"



A drunk was shoving dimes in a soft drink machine. As each bottle was delivered he would eagerly grab it and shove in another coin. After a dozen bottles had been delivered, a curious cop wandered over and asked, "Don't you think you've got enough?"

"What! You want me to stop right in the middle of a winning streak?"



BRASS SECTION



Royal Canadian SIGNALS BAND

Play For Prisoners

By Jim Cox

As an introduction to the men of Collin's Bay, the Royal Canadian Signals Band from nearby Vimy Barracks, sounded off with their arrangement of *76 Trombones*. And an excellent introduction it was!

Under the leadership of WO I. John Perks, the RCS men gave us a demonstration of the versatility which has brought them fame over half the world. WO I Perks, when asked, said that the band had played in Korea, Japan, Germany, Holland, Belgium and France, including two performances at the Palace of Versailles for the Queen and Queen Mother.



Signals Quintette: Don Singlehearst on sax, B. Van Wessen on bass, trombonist Gary Clampit, drummer Dick Baldwin and Kip Rae at piano. Orve Wainman at mike.

A military band is usually associated with squares—parade squares, that is—or men marching in parade down an avenue, every foot hitting the ground in perfect harmony with the others. But for the afternoon the band held sway in our auditorium, much of the music was more in keeping with a dance band. *Moonlight in Vermont*, *Gigi* and *Flamingo* are only three of the many popular selections included in the afternoon's entertainment. The *William Tell Overture*, humourously introduced by M.C. Orve Wainman, was an instant success and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

Orve, who is a Band Sergeant, did a terrific job as a vocalist, too. Five of the regular bandsmen made up a small jazz combo that was much appreciated by the hipsters in our inmate audience. With trombone, sax, bass, piano and drums backing Orve, he set the crowd bouncing with *Mack the Knife* and then gagged his way through *Wagon Wheels*.

The group turned south and gave us a taste of Dixie next, with *Dixieland Concerto*. The *Concerto* was a medley featuring *Jazz-me Blues*, *Ball-and-the-Jack* and the original *Dixieland One-Step*.

As Orve Wainman stated, "The arranger plays an important part in any



Orve Wainman — as Mat Dilon — singing Wagon Wheels.

musical organization. . ." and the arrangers deserving credit for the afternoon's programme were Shell Richardson, Phillip Lang and John Richardson. They presented a programme well over two hours long, and the men were still reluctant to let them off stage. Bandmaster Perks gave in for one encore and was again greeted by sustained applause and cries of 'MORE! MORE!'

All told, this was probably the most enjoyable and enjoyed half-day's entertainment we've had at the Bay in recent years. We extend the invitation for this military band to come again . . . soon!



Last October, The Diamond's foreign correspondent managed to crash a press conference with the late Dr. Tom Dooley, the best-selling author and co-founder of Medico.

Dooley made quite an impression on our boy — as he has made on many brighter and more substantial citizens. His report of the conference indicated that Dooley was a going concern in an appealing, odd-ball, counter-clockwise way.

Dr. Dooley was described, simply, as Dooley; because that was the way he spoke of himself, in an offhand but effective third person manner. Unfortunately, the correspondent's story could not be published before the cancer which had eaten away Dooley's body — but which never so much as dented his spirit — had brought his amazing career to an end.

by Lex Schrag

DOOLEY

Dr. Tom Dooley made several hundred thousand bucks a year from book royalties and had no income tax problems whatever: he gave the dough away.

He ran a 30-mat—that's right, MAT, not bed, hospital up in the northern end of Laos, and hired witchdoctors at \$5 a month.

Crazy? Like a fox!

With Dr. Peter Commanduras, he set up Medico, an outfit which runs 19 hospitals in 13 countries, most of them in Asia. These ranged from the primitive little outpost at Muong Sing in northern Laos, to modernly equipped, 200-bed institutions in the larger cities of the East.

Dooley had no personal use for money. In his early 30's, he was unmarried. Being a doctor, he knew he wasn't going to be around very long. He was living on borrowed time. But how he lived!

About the witchdoctors: Dooley came of Irish Roman Catholic stock. He got his education at Notre Dame and Sorbonne. But he had only two objectives: to cure the sick and to help people cure themselves.

To win the confidence of the primitive characters around Muong Sing, he made no effort to alter their religious beliefs, nor to fool around with their culture. If they went for witchdoctors it was all right with him.

He gave these practitioners of the occult art—mostly old women—their \$5 a month and half the fees paid by the patients they brought in. The old girls sat in a corner of the operating room, tapping away at their drums, while the surgeons were doing their work. They did the patients no harm. Maybe they even did them some good—at least, they made the patients feel at home in the hospital. And, because they got their share of the fees, the witchdoctors were all for rounding up more patients.

Dooley wasn't very keen on missions—not even those of his own faith. A few of them won acceptance in Asia because, he thought, they had looked after the health of the people first, and worried about their parishioners' souls when the bodies that contained them had been tended.

Others antagonized the Asians by their militant tactics. Those who roused the greatest antagonism were the few who were both militant and superior to the people they tried to convert.

Dooley, by way of contrast, went right along with the folk in Muong Sing. He quickly learned to speak the local language, and picked up some Chinese, because the hospital treated thousands of Chinese who escaped across the border before the flare-up last December.

He would argue tooth and nail with some old beldame that she wasn't paying enough for the treatment she got. Oh, yes! Dooley made them pay for treatment. It didn't matter what they paid, but they had to cough up something: a couple of eggs, some bananas, a pig if they were in the upper income brackets.

That way, they maintained their dignity. They were not accepting charity, and they valued what was done for them. Meantime, a flock of their young fry were learning to be nurses and doctors.

And Dooley set up exacting standards for the volunteers who came to his hospitals from the more fortunate countries:

They HAD to learn the language. And they HAD to live in very much the same way as the people to whom they took Medico's services. All peoples, primitive or otherwise, resent attitudes of superiority, which was something Dooley never assumed.

If a witchdoctor hung an amulet on him to protect him from this, that or the other misfortune, he wore it! He didn't believe in it, but he did believe in the spirit of goodwill that had put it around his neck.

That was the same sort of spirit that had fought back the advance of cancer in his own breast for so long.

It would not be fitting to bid Dooley, in the words of his church, "Requiescat in Pace". Such men cannot rest. If there is a world beyond this, Dooley will be hard at work in it, curing the sick if there are such, and helping those who would help themselves.

What's

New?

by R.E. Porter

Everybody keeps asking me, "What's new?"

I always answer that, because it takes almost two months to get a story into print, nothing is ever new on The DIAMOND. And still they persist in thinking I'm after news when I snoop around corners and casually drop an ear into every conversation I can. The editor, too, has been after me to produce something newsworthy.

He should know better.

But this lack of news has been bothering me. I have been so troubled of mind that I haven't been able to get to sleep until around four o'clock — in the afternoon. And I have the most annoying habit of waking up again at seven the next morning! Don't think I'm a loafer, though. I dream about The DIAMOND. Or maybe it's a nightmare.

But back to the news. It really does have me worried. I asked the editor if I could slip into the city of Kingston some day and write up a few of the events therein. He took it to the Warden. The Warden's answer: "No foreign correspondents!" The reason, we assumed, was that the budget didn't

allow for travelling expenses. At least not the kind I was likely to incur.

And then inspiration struck! An advertisement in a magazine, inserted by The Portland Cement Association, gave forth in 36 point bold type: "*There's Always NEWS Where There's Concrete!*" How simple. All I had to do was find a patch of cement and I would have my story.

I immediately thought of a roadway of some sort. I don't know why, unless it was because the Portland ad showed a photo of a multi-lane expressway. With the inmate truck jockeys being what they are, an accident of some sort had to happen and almost completed was the new South Yard Expressway. This one-tenth mile strip of high-speed road was built to end traffic bottlenecks that would show up from time to time — usually in the spring — in the form of a truck buried to its frame in mud. It is rumoured that one or two inmates disappeared here also, throwing the books out of balance at the end of the year. But the authorities couldn't have the trucks held up like that.

The drafting boards had thus produced plans for this scenic super-highway, just wide enough to allow two cars to pass each other, but not quite wide enough to allow two trucks to accomplish the same feat.

Anyway, off I went to this engineering miracle to await the news. After three hours of watching vehicles and pedestrians pass with maddening safety, I began to wonder if the Portland Cement people were guilty of false and misleading advertising. It can't be the fault of our drivers, I reasoned, because they had always done their best before. Gosh-hang, but I'd have liked to have been there when the quarry truck was backed over the edge of the pit. They say it did a half-gainer — almost.

So I decided to wait another fifteen minutes before sending my report to the Better Business Bureau, or whoever handles complaints about false advertising. I spent the fifteen minutes cursing the Portland people before I discovered my mistake. Our lane-and-one-half wasn't concrete at all. It was only hard-packed gravel with an oil and tar top. But then, this was the closest we could come to the advertised image of a cement super-highway. Or

was it?

How about the "Gaza Strip"? This is the *nom-de-guerre* for the main prison corridor. Through the "Strip" all traffic passes as all the cell blocks run off this corridor. And it is definitely concrete. This was the prison parallel to the expressway.

Off I rushed to this scene of activity and using my rolling, duck-walking movement, I covered the hundred yards in less than twenty minutes. The activity was feverish. I reached for my notebook and everyone rushed toward me. Ha! I'm really going to have something for the rag this month, I thought to myself. I wonder what these guys are rushing to tell me?

The first three inmates arrived in a dead heat, followed by a guard only .2 of a second off the pace. But the officer was too late. By the time he arrived the three had spoken in unison:

"What," they breathlessly inquired, "is new?"

Continued from page 4

The trade instructors are unanimous in their praise of the Related Training School. It saves them a great deal of time and work by bringing the students up to the educational level required to understand the theory of the trade. It would be an impossible task for each trade instructor to spend time tutoring his students in mathematics and blueprint reading, as well as the operation of machines, theory and practical work of the particular trade the student is learning.

Mr. Smith has long been one of the

most popular officers in the institution and judging from inmate's comments, Mr. Anderson is well liked, too. (My brief interview with Mr. Anderson did nothing to disprove the impression other inmates have conveyed to me.) Both men like their work and as a consequence their classes are enjoyed by the students.

Summing up their attitude, Mr. Smith stated, "I'm always glad to see the last of my students. In this business, you know you're a success as a teacher if you never see the man again. Our job isn't to supply General Motors with vice-presidents, but just to produce capable, honest tradesmen."

Sure

You

Do!

(Reprinted from Prison World
via The Presidio)

by John C. Burke

Editor's Note: *This article has been changed slightly, so that "good time" rates and parole possibilities will concur with Canada's federal prison system.*

There has been, and still is, a great impediment to the forward movement in penal affairs; and that is: public indifference, misconception and misinformation.

Too many writers, with only the sketchiest knowledge of prison life, set themselves up as experts on all affairs penological. Like Mark Twain's man, they know a great deal but, unfortunately, what they know is not so.

Some of them would have us believe that a prison's sole and avowed purpose is punishment. The social offender, according to them, can be cured through suffering, and prisons should be designed to administer it. Discipline should be harsh and the inmates fed and kenneled like dogs.

Is it any wonder then, when many people hear of prisons with stern but fair discipline, educational programmes, recreational, spiritual and moral guidance, trade training and fine medical and psychiatric treatment — all coordinated into a forward-looking, individualized programme under the institution's guidance committee and a sensible, humane warden with a fine staff under him—they scream, "Prisons are becoming playhouses—the place is a country club!"

To such people is this article directed.

John, you and your good wife, Mary, know quite a lot about prisons, don't you? Sure, you both read about prisons in the papers, the magazines and in books. Then, too, you have seen the "lugs" in the "big house" and you also hear about prisons on your radio.

Then, too, John, I believe you and Mary went through the prison the time your club held its annual meeting at Fond Du Lac and you all went over to see the animals. Yes, I knew you had! You saw the ball diamond, the busy shops, the men talking in the dining room, everything just as you knew it was going to be.

But there is another prison, John, that I would like you to see and know. No, not an imaginary prison, nor a prison in another state. This is the same prison you went through, only seen from a slightly different angle.

No, Mary, you can't come along. But don't worry, you'll have a chance to learn a lot more about prisons than you know now—I hope.

Let us, you and I, John, take a walk down into one of the cell halls. Here we are, John. See how nicely the cells are arranged; 25 of them in a row, four rows stacked one on the other.

Notice how the fronts of the cells are barred. One half of the cell is covered by a sliding barred door. Take a good look at that door, John, because doors like that play a big part in the prison I am going to show you. Just step inside—that's it. And now I will pull the door shut and lock it, and then another lock, and then another. Yes sir, John, you are securely locked up! Just sit down and look around for awhile.

Notice your cell, John. Take a good look at it because it is going to be your home for *the next ten years*. Sure! you have just gotten a ten-year "jolt". So settle down and be a good prisoner.

Mary?

Oh, now don't worry about her. She will be all right, and she will be waiting for you when you get out—I hope. And she will come up to see you once every month—if she can afford to make the trip.

Notice, John, that your cell isn't a bit like it seemed the day you visited the prison. It's somewhat smaller than you thought? Yes, they do seem smaller from the inside, don't they? Probably an optical illusion. Notice that when

you lie on your bed you can touch both side walls without stretching. That makes it handy when you want to swat flies or mosquitoes. Yes, that that cell is 60 inches wide and 90 inches long. But you'll get used to it in time—maybe. One thing is sure, the cell's narrowness either won't bother you much—or it will crush you.

Notice that you can see out through the cell hall windows. True, you can't see much; just the front of the dining room and a patch of sky—a tiny triangular patch of sky. But don't scorn that little patch of blue, John. Before you finish up your ten year "bit" it will mean a lot to you.

But let us get started on your ten year journey. It isn't so bad. You may get a parole in three years and four months if you keep your record clear. Sure you can. The judge said so, didn't he? In any event, with good time granted you will get out on a discharge in about seven years and seven months. That's not long, is it? See that man in front of your cell? He's been here seventeen years and society says that the pound of weary flesh it has taken from him is not big enough. No, he is a trusty now—has been for six years or so. He works outside a great deal of the time and is one of the best carpenters in the prison.

Did you ask what your chances are of getting a parole in three and one-half years? Frankly, they are rather slim. About half of the men never get parole at all. Those who do often serve at least half of their time and many do all but a few months. But who can tell, you might be lucky. Better figure on doing five years, John, and you won't be disappointed.

Now it is time for you to go to bed; ten o'clock and the lights are being turned off. You're not sleepy? That's all right. You don't have to go to sleep, you just have to go to bed. You can lie awake all night if you wish—lots of men do—only you must keep quiet. No, you can't have a light to read by, but you can lie flat on your back and wonder what Mary is doing. That may be comforting to think about—and then it may not. However, just to cheer you up, the odds are at least fifty-fifty that you will not have your Mary at the end of your "bit". Sure, I know Mary is different. Every Mary is different. But seven years and seven months is a whale of a long time for a woman to wait alone.

Isn't it, Mary? Yes, it is at that.

No, John, don't jump out of your skin. That's just the morning gong and that means it is time for you to get up. Sure you slept. You just feel like you've been up all night. Get used to it. There'll be a lot of nights like that. Ask the guy next door. He knows about it, too.

But come on, it's 6:30 and you've only got twenty minutes to have your bed made, your cell swept out and yourself washed before you join the breakfast line. Why do you have to get up so early? Why not? You can't sleep anyway. And then there's the old prison joke about getting up early to harvest the wild oats one has planted.

There goes the gong for breakfast. Now, follow the guy in front and you'll learn something. You will learn one of the first lessons about doing time: the endless marching to nowhere, the

ceaseless marching to the dining room, to work, to the cell hall—always over the same route. You will march many a weary mile before you march out the front gate, John.

Don't worry about what you'll work at. Just be glad if there is enough work to keep you busy. Industry and Labour take a rather dim view of prison labour competing with them.

But here you are, John, back in your cell; your first day is served.

Stand up to your door to be counted. Yes, it does make you feel sort of funny, the way you are counted and re-counted. That is doing time, John.

And now you get a break. Mary is coming to see you today. You will have the pleasure of seeing her across a wide table. And then there is a nice, heavy, half-inch screen for you and her to peer through. No, John, you can't kiss her or even touch her. You might tell her all that is in your heart—but you won't. You won't because there are other men sitting right alongside you and guards listening. You wouldn't want them to hear all the things you would like to say. But you did get to see Mary, anyway.

You saw her brave little smile and you heard all the brave pitiful things she has saved up to tell you, and they will cheer you no end. Or will they? Anyway, you saw Mary and that will give you something to think about tonight. Yes, indeed, her visit will give you something to think about tonight.

But this is a modern prison, John. You know that. You've read in the papers how prisoners are pampered these days. Sure! In your cell there is a toilet just back of the foot of

your bed; your bed that hangs from the wall. No old-fashioned cell bucket here. And there are two kinds of water—running and cold. That's another old stir joke.

And then there is the radio. That is fine. Might as well put the ear-phones on and get a load of what is coming in. A little bit early yet. A kid's programme is just signing off. Funny how that kid's voice brings a lump in your dry throat, isn't it? Sounds just like your little Johnny's voice? Well, that's all part of the game. You're lucky that you don't get lumps on your head, like they hand-out in all prisons just a few years back.

Yes it is kind of tough, but you'll get hardened up in time. If you don't get so the sound of children's voices leaves you cold, if you don't get so that Mary's visit—or failure to visit—doesn't upset you, you're going to have a rough time of it. In fact, if you don't raise a good, tough callous over your finer feelings, you might wind up hanging onto the bars and screaming at the wall.

It isn't so bad now that you've been here two years, is it? The world you used to know is beginning to fade and the prison world is beginning to seem sort of natural. At this point, if you hear a sort of "heh-heh", don't be alarmed. It's just the devil laughing at you.

Sure, you can get used to anything. Notice how easy it is to lie on your bunk and dream the hours away. Sure, a regular country club, John, only it won't fit in with country club life outside. Folks are apt to look at you a bit oddly outside and wonder if you have all your marbles.

Well, here you are, John, seven years

and seven months have rolled around and you take that last walk through the prison gate. Remember the time you went through here as a visitor? It took only an hour to march in and out again. But it took you over seven and a half years this time, didn't it? Funny how different the prison looked when you really had the time to look carefully.

As a visitor you saw the ball diamond, the busy shops, the men talking in the dining room; just as you knew it would be. But when you started to live here it was different. You saw heartbreak—the worst kind, your own. You saw a man working away at meaningless labour for "seven and a bit". The man was you. You saw an inmate talking in the visiting room, saying empty nothings because he dared not say anything but empty nothings for fear his voice would betray him. It was your voice. You heard a lovely voice over the radio, a voice on the "Hour of Charm", singing "Sweet Hour of Prayer" — and you didn't feel so good because it was your mother's favourite song before she died last year. Your mother — and you were here.

It is nice to think, John, that you have paid your debt to society. Isn't it?

Of course you haven't seen much of prisons in your short stay. You really must look at prison through a lifetime glass before you can really see it. You don't get the really exquisite flavour in a small dose, John.

But anyway, you and your good wife Mary know quite a bit about prisons, don't you—now

Sure you do!



The

by Jim Birnstihl

FUNERAL

The blast from the policeman's whistle was loud — almost a command. Tom Brian saw the green light turn red just in front of them, but the party continued through the intersection at an even seven miles per hour. The policeman, now standing rigidly at attention with his forage cap held tightly over his right breast, was silent.

"Just as J.M. would have wanted it," Tom said quietly to his pretty wife sitting beside him in the chauffeur driven limousine. His voice was low, almost a whisper, and this was a product of his seven years with J.M. "Respect. Good heavens, how he loved respect."

J.M. had made many changes in the city. When he first came to the county, Manningville was just a little village of five hundred souls. There was very little industry and much poverty. And as the industrial giants spread their wings, so grew the slums.

He was only 23 when he walked into Ezra Wahlach's bank that morning, and it was on his thirtieth birthday that the board of that institution elected him president — turning old Ezra out to pasture. His Manning Cement Company boasted a two million dollar gross that same year. And American Rubber, his pride and passion, had just

been awarded its first big government contract. In short, J.M. was established.

J.M. lived by certain rules which were his real religion. Actually, they were not so much rules as they were a way of life. He would never accept advice, no matter what the source. If he did not know the intricate little traits of a business he had his eye on, he would manipulate the deal on instinct alone. He hated unions. Unions tried to tell him how to run his business and how much to pay his employees. This was advice and he would have no part of it.

For the same reason, J.M. would not incorporate any of his many interests. Shareholders were a bothersome entity which he was better off without.

His business dealings were devoid of any human relations. And his competitors could only sit back in wonder as he instituted new and unpopular measures to combat any sort of physical conflict. There was a great deal of controversy over many of his measures. He would build a new school, for the town—but the plans for the structure would be his alone. He would pave the street running through "workers' row"—but the contract must go to the person of his choice. There was no room for argument. He would gladly buy the fuel for the First Episcopal Church—but it must be hard coal and not coke as in past years, and it would be delivered in July instead of October as in the past. The janitor could take

his yearly vacation whenever he liked, but he would work throughout the summer. The storage of fuel was a major job.

Tom pondered all these things as the funeral procession moved slowly toward the small rural cemetery which had served the community for fifty years. He remembered the good in J.M.'s life, which, to his mind, required very little contemplation, and he remembered the bad. The hungry workers and the defective war materials; the callous handling of people — all people. J.M. had the upper hand all his life and he never once slackened the reins.

But it was a fine gathering that stood there in the small cemetery, waiting for the New York minister to begin his oration. J.M.'s life just hadn't warranted such a large throng and Tom was puzzled. The rich and the poor; they were both out in vast numbers.

The minister was very elaborate in his description of J.M.'s life. If a stranger had been present, he must surely come to the conclusion that the old tiger was high on the rostrum for sainthood.

Tom was just a little unsure of himself. He had been J.M.'s personal assistant for the past four years and he wasn't positive just what his position was on this day. Should he invite some of the guests over for dinner or would this be out of place? He asked his wife.

"Oh, Tom. We can't accomodate a crowd like that. And besides, you don't even know if you'll be with the company next week."

Tom didn't get the connection between his question and her answer for several minutes. Then it dawned on

him and the feeling was strange. It was the first time in longer than he cared to remember that they had been allowed to exercise their own prerogative. J.M. was dead. Now he was his own master.

It was then that Tom began to examine the faces near him in the crowd. Most who occupied a place of prominence near the grave-side had been thought of as personal friends. They were all leaders in their fields and were masters at hiding emotions. But not a trace of sorrow could be seen.

He looked at William Marshall. Bill was president of National Rubber and was closer to J.M. than any other person. Bill was actually smiling.

But Tom was even more disturbed by the smaller people in the background. They were the workers and the tradesmen. The women outnumbered the men, and even there, no tears of grief were visible.

The leaders sat motionless in the front rows. It was as if they were all at one of his board meetings, all eager to come forth with the inevitable "yes" to whatever he might propose. Tom had seen the same look many times in the past: a tinge of fear; a very small spark of spirit; a desire to please, at all costs. This, coupled with the ability to think for themselves but afraid to do so, produced this strange phenomenon.

Tom's thought was interrupted by the minister's signal to the pallbearers to carry the casket onto the hydraulic mechanism which would lower the box easily into the grave. It was done.

The large organ which had been moved into the cemetery for the occasion began to play. It was not a time-honoured dirge which had special

significance for the masses, rather, it was a popular tune which had been the one thing in J.M.'s life to catch the thread of sentimentality. It was "Green Sleeves". J. M. had often chuckled to Tom when he heard the number and said if it was good enough for King George of England, it would certainly do for him. And so it was.

The minister from New York could not suppress a grimace as the tune waltzed on. It was undignified and cast grave shadows on his own person, he thought. He could have picked a dozen hymns more suitable to the occasion. After all, the man was J.M.—not one of his workers.

Tom smiled as he watched the minister. He knew just what the man was thinking. Again, he marvelled at the power which the Old Warrior had over these people, even after death. As he looked once more over the crowd, he would have wagered his life that they would have preferred a different type of music, but J.M. had been adamant on the point. Force of habit, Tom presumed, settled the matter.

Just as the organ swung into the last chorus, the honourary pallbearer, Matisse Lombard, pressed the button which started the casket and J.M. on their long day's journey into night.

The button was not pushed with the simple dignity one would have expected on the occasion. Rather, Matisse moved slowly as if unsure of himself and unwilling to offend his departed master. Tom noticed that the pinch of fear was visible as his large, red thumb made contact with the button. He bowed his head for a moment then moved quickly, too quickly, back into the crowd.

The synchronization was wondrous! It did the engineers proud. Just as the organ whined into nothingness the casket thumped lightly into its bed. Tom shuddered. The minister moved slowly towards the gaping hole and sprinkled a handful of dirt liberally into the cavity. There was no more.

The large crowd stood silent. No one spoke. Tom, shuffling from one foot to the other, was impatient to be off, but he lacked the courage to be the first to move; to leave J.M. in the charnel ground. The others were the same.

Two elderly workmen, paid by the job and not the hour, were not so patient. Looking at each other, the one with the gray beard spat into his hands and began to shovel. It was only after several clumps of dirt had hit the rough box that the crowd began to move, and then it was led by no one man, but rather, a lemming-like exodus with no beginning and no end.

The chauffeur was waiting when Tom and his wife returned to the car.

"You know, dear, I can't imagine what it was that kept the crowd there at the cemetery after the service was over. It was very strange."

His wife stared at him for some time, then turned her gaze out the window. It was only when they had neared their opulent home that she spoke again: "There's a very simple explanation for our behaviour, Tom. I think I know what it is.

"J.M. was a very dynamic person, and, well, . . . no one would have been completely at ease if they hadn't seen the ground being shoveled in on top of him. The crowd, including you and I, just wanted to make sure he was dead."

LETTERS

TO THE

Gentlemen???

I've just received a copy of your magazine.

Why don't they put you fellows to more useful work? I think it is ridiculous to have you wasting time on something like this when you could be out breaking rocks and rehabilitating yourselves.

I was quite annoyed when I read about the policies of the new Commissioner of Penitentiaries. Why can't he make things tougher down there, instead of better. Imagine allowing stage shows, baseball, visits with relatives — and even a Choral Group! Have you nothing better to do than sing? Of course you're probably all so happy that you want to sing.

And they teach trades to you prisoners too. It's getting so a person has to be a criminal to learn a trade. If it was up to me you'd all be locked up and left locked up. It would give you time to reflect on your sins. I'd like to see a return to the rough times of a few years ago.

So what if it didn't rehabilitate criminals and the repeater rate was high! I was much happier thinking you were being punished.

R. E. Porter
Kingston

EDITOR

Gentlemen:

I am a very ardent reader of The Diamond and look forward to each and every copy that is sent to my boss here at WSYR. I think it is a wonderful and newsy little book.

I would like to have a subscription sent to my father, who is retired. He has read a couple of issues that I have taken home and enjoyed them as much as I have.

Enclosed please find a check in the amount of five dollars, one for the subscription and four for whatever you see fit. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

(Mrs) D.E. Ross

WSYR-Radio

Syracuse, New York

Editor: Thank you, Mrs Ross! We use all donations for photoengraving. It's expensive for a small publication like ours, but we like to have lots of photos on our pages. You've helped and thanks again.

LETTERS CONTINUED:

Dear Sirs:

Having read Wessley Hicks column in the Evening Telegram on your magazine, I would like some subscriptions. Enclosed please find check for \$6.25 — five subscriptions and extra postage for Venezuela. I would appreciate it if the Venezuelan subscription could be sent first class mail.

Yours truly
(Miss) V. E. Meyers
Milliken

Editor: We received a number of subscriptions as a result of Mr. Hicks' column in the Telegram just prior to Christmas. For which we are grateful to both Mr. Hicks and the people who subscribed. Miss Meyers has given us our first Venezuelan subscription. If this keeps up we'll have to start printing foreign editions!

Dear Sir:

I just received my first copy of The Diamond. I've read it from cover to cover and think it is interesting. I found many things in it that I had no knowledge of before.

Many thanks for making it known that there is such a book and that we may buy it.

Yours truly
(Mrs) J. Holditch

Dear Sir

We received one of your books last week and really enjoyed reading it. There is good and interesting material in it.

My husband and myself would love to have it sent every month.

Wishing you all the best for the coming year and the years to come.

(Mrs) Wm. Cartier
Windsor

Dear Sirs:

Please find enclosed one dollar for a year with "The Diamond". We've just enjoyed one issue and look forward to future copies.

Thanks from a new subscriber,
Mr & Mrs R.L. Puittinen
Beardmore

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